

THE TRIBUNE CHILDREN'S PAGE

Children Of Cold Lands Wear Curious Clothes



All of these little people live in Siberia. Do you know where that is? It is really part of the Russian Empire, but what is spoken of as Russia is in Europe. The other part, Siberia, is in Asia.

It is very cold there all the year round. Indeed, at Yakutsk, where the little girl all bundled up in furs lives, it is often 80 degrees below zero. That is why she has to wear such warm clothes.

They are made of very expensive furs, sable, silver fox and blue marten, and in our country would be worth at least \$5,000. Her jewelry consists of long strings of brightly colored beads and a fringe of little bells.

The little Pookst girl also wears the bells. Her clothes are not of fur, but of hide. Her family are traders, and they sell so many of their furs to the explorers that they have not enough left for themselves.

In the other picture are a mother and daughter of the Gold Tribe, who live along the Amur River, in Eastern Siberia. Their clothes are made entirely of fish skin. Even the wonderful ornaments with which their dresses are covered are cut from fish skin and are sewed on with fish skin thread.

While these people are really in a very primitive state and can neither read nor write, they excel in elaborate designing and embroidery, and to be skilled in needlework is regarded as a great merit.

Army Hospital Site.

The War Department is reforesting a large area near Fort Bayard, New Mexico, for use as an army hospital site.

The Sailor.

By E. AIMEE PIZA.

A sailor's life is the life for me.
I'll live in a boat on the big blue sea,
And walk the deck with a rolling stride
As over the white-capped waves we ride.

All day long big ropes I'll haul
And shout "Aye! Aye!" to the Captain's call;
With anchor up and sails let down,
Sing "Ship Ahoy" as we leave the town.

The Wonderful Scissors

This story was submitted by one of our readers who signed no name. If the writer will send us his or her name we will publish it next week.

On a small island off the coast of Spain grew a wonderful wood. In the centre of this wood stood a huge apple tree which bore golden fruit all the year round. It was said that if any one could get one of these apples he would have long life and riches. But the tree was guarded by a terrible dragon and no one dared go near it.

The king of the country had seven sons. The three oldest were dark and handsome; the three youngest were fair and handsome, but the middle one was very plain and unattractive. When the six handsome sons went out to seek their fortunes, their father gave each one a sword and a beautiful horse, but to the ugly son he gave only a pair of scissors and told him to go on foot and seek his fortune. The unfortunate prince started out and wandered far and wide, but people did not know he was a prince, and he was always distrusted.

One day, while he was wandering through the forest, a fairy appeared and told him not to be discouraged, because his scissors would be of great use to him some time if he would do one kind act with them every day. She also told him that they must be commanded by a rhyme. By this time his scissors were very rusty and he found it difficult to use them at first, but each day they grew sharper and brighter.

While passing through a town one day he heard the people say that the king's six sons were going to try to get the golden apples. He stopped overnight at the inn and the following day, when he saw his brothers, he asked them if he might go with them. Not knowing who he was, they consented, because they needed many rowers.

They set off amid the cheers of the people and rowed until they came to the small island where the apple tree with the golden apples grew. They

PUSS IN BOOTS JR. Meets Boy Blue, Miss Muffet, Too, and Loses His Shoe.

CHAPTER XV.

By DAVID M. CORY.

To think that he had saved little Piggie Porker from Tom the Piper's Son gave Puss Junior more pleasure than anything he had done up to this time. It made him feel so happy that he almost whistled with delight as he marched along the highway.

Suddenly the sound of a loud blast from a horn came across the meadow. He stopped to listen. Again he heard the sharp notes of the bugle, and in another moment from out of the corn fields on the left rushed a herd of cows. He jumped to the top rail of the fence to get out of their way as they trotted past him down the road toward a farmhouse a short distance away.

"I wonder who blew that horn," he said to himself, and, jumping down, he started to cross the meadow. A flock of sheep were quietly grazing and hardly noticed him as he walked by.

HE WAKES BOY BLUE.

In the centre of the field was a big haystack, and as he was about to pass it he noticed on the shady side a pretty boy in blue fast asleep.

"Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn," said Puss Junior.

"For goodness sake, don't say that again," cried the little lad, sitting up and rubbing his eyes. "It's bad enough to have to wake up and blow my horn every morning without some one making me do it again."

"But just think what would happen if you didn't," answered Puss; "they'd probably eat up all the corn."

"Oh, I don't know," Boy Blue replied, "sometimes I think it's only a dream I have; but then, again, when I do blow my horn it all seems quite real again."

MISS MUFFET PASSES BY.

Puss Junior didn't answer; he was watching a pretty girl walking across the meadow with a big cushion under her arm. "Who's she?" he asked.

"Who?" replied Boy Blue.

"Why, that girl—don't you see her, just over there by that clump of trees?"

Boy Blue looked where Puss pointed. "Oh, that's Little Miss Muffet," he answered. "She takes her lunch out here every day, just like a picnic. Sometimes I go over and have some with her."

"Let's run over now," suggested Puss.

"Wait a minute till I see whether my sheep are all right. You know, ever since Little Bo Peep lost her sheep I get dreadfully worried about mine—that is, after I wake up; of course, when one is asleep one doesn't worry."

The sheep seemed to be perfectly safe and were contentedly cropping the grass.

"Well, come on," Boy Blue cried, "give me your paw and we'll both run over and surprise her."

"Wait a minute, please," shouted Puss, "my boot is coming off," and

before he could stop off it flew. He hopped along on one leg and almost stumbled before he regained his balance.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Boy Blue, "here's your boot, Mr. Puss; put your paw on my shoulder and steady yourself while you pull it on; it's too damp here to sit on the grass."

"Yes," said Puss, "I've got my toes all wet; I couldn't help putting my foot down once to keep from falling. It's pretty hard work pulling a boot on a wet foot," he added, as he vainly tugged away.

"Don't bother about it here," said Boy Blue; "jump on my back and I'll carry you over where Little Miss Muffet is; it's high ground there, and nice and dry."

Puss scrambled up and rode "piggy-back" the rest of the way.

THEY LUNCH WITH MISS MUFFET

"Good morning, Miss Muffet; here's my friend, Puss in Boots Junior," said Little Boy Blue, as Puss slid down from his back.

"You've lost your shoe," she said, looking at Puss Junior's little bare toes.

"Oh, no, it's here," he answered; "only my foot is so wet I can't get it on."

"Come over here and I'll dry your toes with my handkerchief," said Miss Muffet, and in a few minutes his boot was on without any difficulty.

"Do you like curds and whey?" she asked, uncovering a dish of delicious looking, white fluffy stuff.

"I don't know," said Puss; "I never ate any."

"Oh, but you will," said Boy Blue; "I do."

"We'll have to take turns," said Miss Muffet; "I've only one spoon. Your turn first," and she gave Puss a taste.

MISS MUFFET IS FRIGHTENED AND RUNS AWAY.

"Like it?" she asked, but before he could reply there came a big spider, who sat down beside her, and frightened Miss Muffet away.

"She won't come back," said Boy Blue, as Puss called after the little girl; "she won't stop running till she gets home. This happened once before, and she was afraid to come back for about a week."

"Well, we might as well finish the curds and whey," said Puss, who had liked the first spoonful she had given him. "Let's finish it." And he licked his whiskers.

After they had finished, Puss Junior turned to Boy Blue and said: "I must go, for I haven't nearly finished my journey of adventures. Goodbye."

"Goodbye, Puss," cried Boy Blue, as he turned back to his sheep in the meadow.

THE ADVENTURES OF OSWALD By Himself

IF ANY BOY OR GIRL SHOULD WISH—I'M SURE I HOPE THEY WON'T—TO RUN AWAY FROM FRIENDS AND HOME AND UP AND DOWN THE WORLD TO ROAM I'D TELL THEM STRONGLY, DON'T! MY OWN EXPERIENCE HAS PROVED THAT TRAMPING, ANYWAY, JUST LEADS TO CANS AND STONES AND STICKS AND, VERY OFTEN, CUFFS AND KICKS AND REALLY DOESN'T PAY.

ONE AFTERNOON WHEN I'D BEEN KICKED AND STONED TILL SICK AND SORE, I RAN INTO A GLOOMY WOOD AND THERE DECIDED, IF I COULD, TO BE A TRAMP NO MORE.

A CHIPMUNK, SITTING ON A STUMP, SAID CHEERFULLY THAT HE HAD LOTS AND LOTS OF NUTS TO EAT BUT NUTS IN PLACE OF BREAD AND MEAT DID NOT APPEAL TO ME.

BUT, FORTUNATELY, SOON I FOUND A CAMP OF KIND BOY SCOUTS WHO DID NOT RUSH FOR STICKS AND STONES BUT WELCOMED ME WITH BEANS AND BONES AND RE-ASSURING SHOUTS.

TO BE CONTINUED

Puzzle Answers.

BURIED SHAKESPEARIAN CHARACTERS.

1. Orlando. 2. Iago. 3. Ferdinand. 4. Othello. 5. Romeo. 6. Macbeth. 7. Hamlet. 8. Antony. 9. Shylock. 10. Laertes.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

L S
B O A T E
L O A D S T O N E
A D A E N D
S E

FIVE FISHES.
Starfish, sunfish, sawfish, swordfish, jellyfish.

Puzzle Solvers.

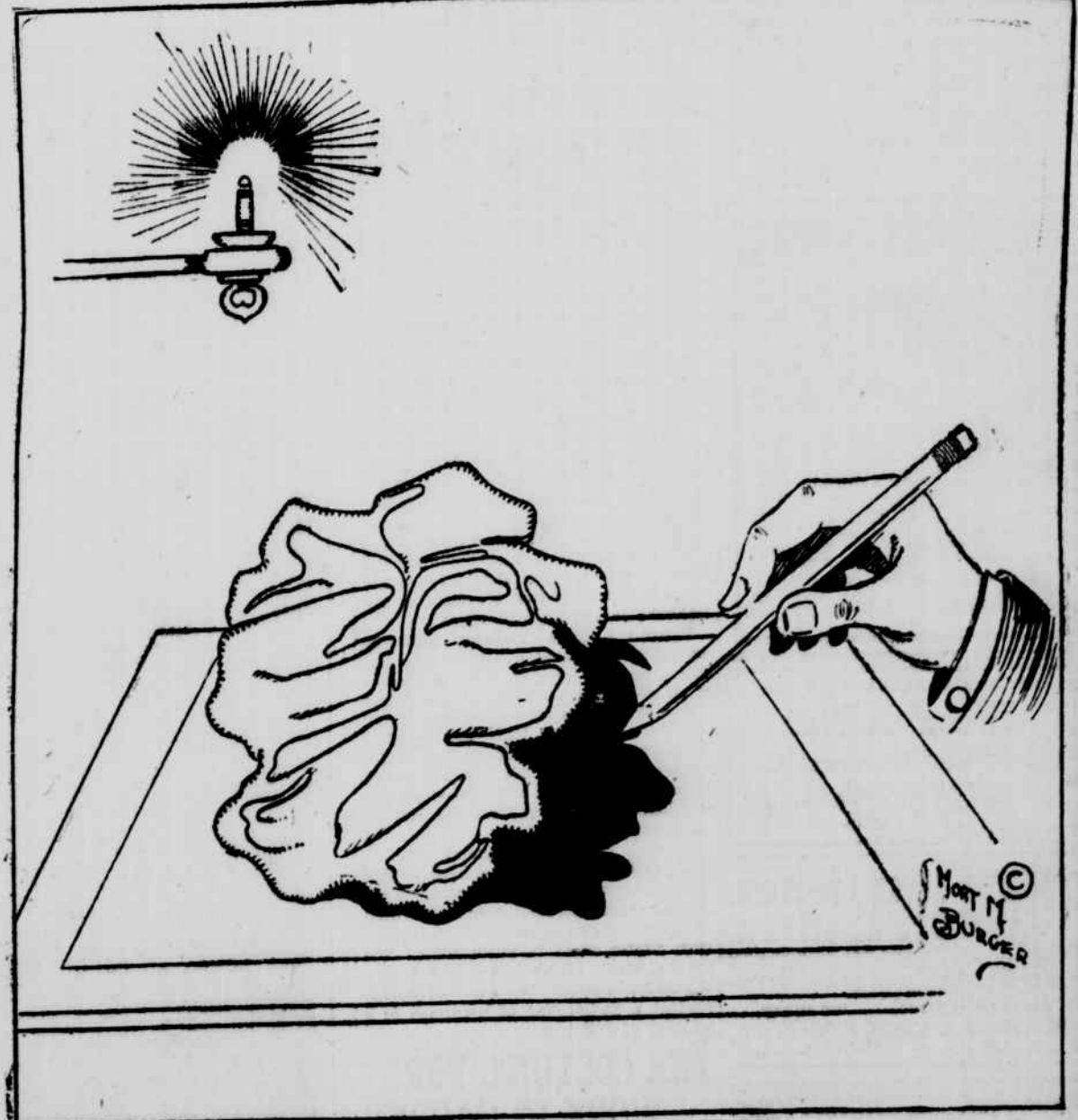
Fish Puzzle—Edward Nettleton, New Haven, Conn.; Arthelia Tilley, Northport, N. Y., and Joseph Hallock, Milton, N. Y.
Connected Diamonds—Joseph Hallock, Milton, N. Y.
Buried Shakespearian Characters—Frances B. Wadley, East Elmhurst, Long Island.

DRAWING LESSONS THAT EVERY ONE WILL ENJOY.

Do you like to draw? Perhaps you would like to, but do not know exactly how to begin. We want these lessons to help you and advise you, and, further more, we want to know that they are helping and amusing you. Make your drawings according to the directions given with each lesson and send them to us. And to let you know how proud we are of what you can do we will make three honor awards of \$1 each for the three best drawings received each week. And remember while you are drawing that "what is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

All drawings must reach us by THURSDAY MORNING. NONE RECEIVED AFTER THAT DATE WILL BE CONSIDERED.

Send your drawings to the Editor of the Children's Page, New York Tribune.



NO. 1—AN EASY WAY TO DRAW FACES.

Take a piece of paper and crumple it up in your hand—but not too tightly—and place it on a smooth white paper in front of a strong light, so that a sharply defined shadow is cast. Move the crumpled paper around till you can see plainly the outline of a face. It may be the face of a dog or cat, or it may resemble the profile of some one you know. When you get a shadow in which the features are particularly well defined take a pencil and trace the outline on the smooth paper, being careful not to move the crumpled piece. You will be surprised at the amusing drawings you can make.



When we grow up
We're going to eat
Just things that taste
All nice and sweet,
And nobody
Will ever take
Away our jam
Or pie, or cake!

Elizabeth Kirkman FitzHugh

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